

Black Magic Proves Fatal For Girl, 20

Voo-Doo, Witch Doctors Lead To Hex Slayings In Two States

By JOHN LEAR
NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—(P)—The curse of the black magic is creeping out of the witches' kettle once again. Weard brews of bat wings and frog toes in the voodoo potency in many spots across the land despite the efforts of modern education to blot out ignorant superstitions on which these voo-doo spawn.

"Secret, black and midnight hags" are as real in these regions as they were when Shakespeare wrote of them and their bubbling cauldrons.

His contention is he was right in doing it because he previously purchased the "power of God" from a Gypsy for \$2,000.

Apparently he saw some sort of "charm" in tobacco juice, for his daughter, Norma, 7, declares he stuffed the maids mouth with tobacco before bashing her skull with a flatiron and poker.

Norma quoted her mother as describing Miss Doyle as "a witch."

Pichette's case has yet to be disposed of by a judge in whose court the self-styled "Messiah" removed his shoes and would have taken off his socks if the deputy sheriffs had not stopped him.

Another Witch Trial
Down in North Carolina, some other judges—those who preside in the State Supreme Court—are deciding the fate of another "witch."

This contentious old hag troubled Baxter Parnell, a 32-year-old farmer near Concord. She came to him with the juice of a mysterious root which he chewed. The root made his mind "come and go." During one of those periods when his mind was "gone," his 19-year-old sister-in-law, Janie Fink, was stabbed to death with an ice pick through the heart.

The stabbing occurred while Parnell, his wife and Janie were kneeling beside a hog pen to pray one Sunday night in July.

The slain girl's father said his daughter came running from the hog pen crying:

"Daddy, Baxter has stabbed me!"
A Presbyterian minister testified Parnell came to him on the night of

the killing and confessed the deed. Parnell, who quit school in the first grade after attending for "six or seven years," told the jury which convicted him of first degree murder that he didn't intend to kill Janie. He blamed it all on the "witching" root.

The witch doctor, a wrinkled old woman named Jenny Morris, said the root she gave Parnell was a "rattle-tongue" and her prescription was "gnaw it and spit it out."

Denying her concoctions were evil, she said she tried to "do people good" and sold her potions to "cure miseries and bring people good luck." When asked about her ingredients, she replied:

"I ain't got time to tell you." Did she think Parnell was crazy? "Lawdy, yes."

But the jury didn't think so. Parnell was sentenced to death. His execution has been delayed on appeal.

White, Black Magic
"Witch doctor" Morris' distinction between ministrations for good and evil is the line superstitious Pennsylvania Dutchmen habitually draw between "pow-wow" and "hex."

A "pow-wow" is a friendly incantation which usually includes expressions of faith from the Bible, plus kindly laying on of hands. Warts and ring-worm are removed in this fashion, and babies can seldom be relieved of a tendency to be "liver-growed."

"Hex," on the other hand, is malicious spell-making. For those who still believe in it, accounts for all sorts of illnesses and can be offset only by invocation of some weird talisman like a wax figure pierced with pins or a paper doll burned on the stove or pinched in the crack of a door.

These "hex" beliefs still have currency, although not so broadly as they did before the killing of Nelson D. Rehmyer in 1923. Rehmyer, a York County farmer, was sentenced to death when he refused to give up a lock of his hair to undo a "spell" his neighbors believed he had woven about them.

The lock of hair was to be buried eight feet back of a barn and the "hex" would disappear. That was what a "hex" doctor named John Blymeyer told Milton J. Hess.

Hess sought the "hex" doctor's aid after having lost some poultry. Blymeyer blamed Rehmyer for causing this loss through a "spell." After accepting money for his diagnosis, he persuaded a son of the "hexed" man, W. D. Hess, 18, and a neighbor boy, John Curry, 14, to help him get the lock of hair.

For beating Rehmyer, tying him up and setting fire to his house, the three were sent to prison.

In the decade since then, cases of "supernatural" violence—outside of districts like Harlem in New York and the native quarter of New Orleans, where "magic" powders and related brews are a part of everyday life—appear to be on the increase.

There was Oscar Hestness, 37, Nor-

wegian fisherman of Walla Walla, Wash., who throttled his two sons, John, 10, and Henry, 4, in February of 1934 "because the devil was in them."

Hestness was convinced that Satan was taking possession of his house, one room at a time, crowding out the family. So he slew his elder son to allow himself home space. A few days later, he killed the younger boy after the lad, catechized by his father, "admitted he was a devil."

Neighbors found the bodies several days afterward, on the floor, surrounded by toys.

Hestness and his wife were arrested when they attempted to steal their pastor's automobile for a trip to Centralia, Wash., to meet their "resurrected sons."

Pair Prove Insane
After being taken by the police, Hestness stripped off his clothes and announced himself as "Daniel, anointed as third ruler of His, my Jesus's, kingdom."

They took "Daniel" and his missus to the insane asylum.

In Woodbridge, N. J., in October of 1936, a woman was accused, by three neighboring housewives, of practicing witchcraft. At a public hearing they told of seeing the "witch" change herself into a horse and walk on her hind legs—change her head into that of a dog—shrink her head to the size of a fist—shoot balls of fire from her—and sprout horns at will.

"When the church bells began to ring and I started to read my prayer book, I would not be able to keep my place," one of the accusers asserted, "and I knew the devil was abroad, trying to interfere with my prayers."

A Hungarian parish priest finally convinced the trio they were seeing things.

Out in Vesper, Wis., last Christmas morning, Henry J. Nead, 19-year-old farm boy, beat his infant step-son to death with his fist as they lay in bed. He explained:

"I was just about half asleep. Three knocks came at the bottom of the door. My dad (who had been dead for six years) appeared spiritually and said 'I got you coming.'"

"He said he was going to cause me trouble for the rest of my life. 'Everything was black then until I struck the baby once and things started to come back but he still made me hit baby some more until my wife grabbed my hand. After I came to I knew I killed baby but it was too late.'"

For that, Nead is serving a 14-to-20-year prison term.

No door knockings, but a "vision" came to Ola Irene Harwell, 26, wife of a young farm worker, at Merced, Calif., two months ago. While she was at prayer in their one-room cabin with her husband and two sons by a previous marriage.

The Biblical admonition of the eighth and ninth verses of Chapter 18 of St. Matthew came to her—

"Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee...."

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee...."

So she hacked off her left hand with an ax and gouged out her right eye with scissors.

"I'm glad I did it," she said afterward. "I feel relieved now."

She declined to explain her surprising act, saying:

"What I have done is between me and my Maker."

JUDGE, CURSED, DIES

Collapses as He Sentences 'Witch Doctor' in Africa

Death in unusually tragic circumstances overtook Justice T. B. Horwood in the native high court at Esicount Natal recently. All through the hearing cases, the Durban correspondent of The London Sunday Express informed his paper:

"Last case on his list was a murder charge against an aged witch doctor, who was, said to have killed an Indian and made 'medicine' from parts of the corpse."

"Justice Horwood warned the assembled Zulus against the 'fraudulent claims' of the witch doctors in their villages."

"Before passing sentence he asked the witch doctor if he had anything to say. The old man muttered a curse in his own language."

"As he passed sentence, Justice Horwood collapsed. He died within twenty-four hours."



AROUND THE CIRCL

By Eugene Anderson

Macon County Negro Is Said to Have Power
to Cure Through Laying On
of Hands

If you go down in the neighborhood of Ideal, in Macon county, you will hear from many people a story that equals that of the man who created such a national and international sensation in Canada a few years ago. The marvel in curing is Lonnie W. Taylor, 58, a Negro farmer, who says he never attended school more than two months in his life. Like Abe Lincoln he learned one book before the fireplace at night after his hard day's work. But his book was the Bible. He became a preacher, and groped in darkness until four years ago. He preached like other preachers, but says he did not find God's way. Since that time he has made the blind to see and the halt to throw away their crutches.

"I have healed 26,000 people, white and black," he says. "Anything that was not brought into the world as an affliction at birth I can cure. No, I can't cure it, but God through me cures it."

"Then he throws back his head and laughs merrily, as he says "once I tried to bring back sight in a glass eye, but of course that was impossible, and the people in the community wanted to lynch me. I told them to go ahead, because I was following in the footsteps of my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. He was lynched, and I couldn't be any better than He. How glorious it would be to follow Him into eternity! Death is the gateway to glorious eternity, and I have no fear of it."

Laying on of hands is the method he uses. He says he has cried when infantile paralysis victims were brought to him. He didn't believe he was equal to the task, but after praying and crying, he felt God's power, and then he knew he could succeed.

"Every state in the union has sent its sufferers to me in the four years," he says. "My wife calls this room my hospital."

The "hospital" is an ordinary sitting room in an average country cottage.

"Here is where they throw away their crutches and go out laughing and hopping and skipping, and promising to send me half they make for the remainder of their lives," he says. "But I tell them God has freely given unto me and He told me to freely give unto you. I don't make any charge. The physicians in some communities have threatened me with the law, because they said I was depriving them of their fees. My charity work does not please them. I tell everybody who offers me money that God promised to take care of me, and He has kept His word. I was about to die four years ago, and I didn't want to go, because I was bogged down deep in debt. I owed one man eight hundred dollars. My farming had not been profitable. Now I have three hundred acres of land and a three-horse farm and rent the remainder to the federal government. I am not afraid to trust God's promises. Two years ago my wife was an invalid. She had a stomach trouble on which I spent eight hundred dollars with hospitals and on medicines. Physicians said she would soon be dead. She had not trusted my healing, but after they sent her back to me to die, I treated her, and in a little time she was as well as ever. I had offered a hospital everything I had—my cows, my mules, my hogs, my land; but they would not consent to take my belongings in such a hopeless case."

By many, this faith cure celebrity is called "doctor." He looks like a white man, but says mulattoes always seemed to him to be biggety." His wife is many shades darker than he. "She is the only woman I ever loved," he says, as he puts his chubby arms around her neck; and she beams.

"We have four children. White people become so grateful to me,

they offer me beds in their homes. I remind them that I am of another race, but gladly heal them because God has given me the power. I am a poor helpless creature until He breathes His spirit into me and tells me what to do. I have always wanted to be worth something to God and to man. I believe in the Scriptural quotation that he who says he loves God whom he has never seen and hates his neighbor whom he has seen is a liar and the truth is not in him."

"Dr." Taylor says when he was so sick and was praying to be allowed to live to pay his debts, angels appeared and told him that God had work for him to do, and was not going to let him die at that time.

"According to the Scriptures, anything can be cured through God if it didn't exist at birth," he says, "and my experience proves it, even to broken bones and crushed skulls. But without faith, human efforts avail nothing."

One of the patients, a white man, came out, saying: "His hands are unusually warm and electric."

An hour later the same patient said: "I see better than I have in years. The mist has disappeared from my eyes, and everything seems so clear and plain." This man was not permitted to pay any money.

"Dr." Taylor says his several thousand letters attest the supremacy of the cures. And even drunkards lose their taste for drink.

TEXAS VOOODOO

Call

DOCTOR DEAD

By JOHN H. THOMPSON

MILLICAN, Texas. — (ANP) — Burial here last week of Ma Seenie, 90-year-old voodoo practitioner, who for years had practiced her unholy rituals for thousands of people—mostly rich white people—brought to an end a most remarkable career.

Ma Seenie was all she was known by to persons in this small village. Although living in a small, tumble-down clay colored cabin, near cross roads, Ma Seenie has seen long shiny limousines, chauffeurs driven; dilapidated flivvers, all cupied by whites, come to her doors literally by the hundreds.

She was old, incredibly old. She was gnarled and grotesque, but she wore the assurance of a queen—she was royalty in her own eyesight—for did she not foretell the future, read the past and claim unlimited power for good or evil as a voodoo doctor?

Sold Charms and Medicine

For many years she had listened to peoples troubles, their woes, their scandals and her retentive memory caught and held it all. She piled up a comfortable fortune from this knowledge, for it had been easy to learn innermost secrets from harassed and worried whites, who came to her cabin begging for advice on love, hate, health, business.

Taking their money she gave them voodoo charms or medicine and sent them on their way with restored confidence. She bought her medicines by the pound and gallons, sold it at enormous profits. She knew so much about people of her county, that although authorities knew of her exorbitant charges and profits, they hesitated to prefer charges against her.

However, there were a few times when her activities could not be ignored and she spent a few hours in jail. Her influential customers soon had her released in every instance.

She possessed but two books, the Bible and a handbook on black magic, which she had purchased from a Chicago mail order house. She would place her old style spectacles on her nose and work out her formulae. She mixed medicine, conjure and prepared voodoo magic.

Many divorces were attributed to her powers, for a word of suspicion implanted in a neurotic person's mind would germinate and soon blossom into full-fledged hate and passion. White and black settlers tell of strange cases of insanity

death, incurable diseases, all attributed to her powers.

of West Africa and Bishop R. R.

Called Supernatural

The strange thing is that reputable whites, who would not permit her to ride on a street car beside them, who would not eat in the same restaurant with her, took her word as law and swore that she could do supernatural things.

They claimed she rose at dawn, crept up a hillside near her home and with arms upraised—a veritable priestess of eerie dawn—she communed with the powers that be and invoked their aid.

Up till the day of her death she was besieged by white women of all ages and classes who did not hesitate to resort to Negro black magic to gain the upper hand on a real or imaginary rival.

Ma Seenie is dead. She is gone—an opportunist who sat in her humble cabin and probably learned more about the inner workings of the human mind than all the learned savants of modern days; for she had access to the minds of those who had bared their naked souls—and the human soul when love is a stark, fearful thing.

COUPLE DEFIES ROOTS AND POWDERS OF AGED CONJURER

By EVA JESSYE

(Famous Director of "Porgy and Bess" Opera Choir)

SUMTER, S. C., Aug. 31—The writer accompanied Charlie Spears to Concord, N. C., the morning of August 26th on the trail of 'Aunt Jennie' Morris, eccentric recluse, fortune teller, and root worker of Mecklenburg county, who was dragged into the spotlight of glaring publicity when Baxter Parnell, 32 year old white farmer, murdered his sister-in-law and accused "Aunt Jennie" of giving him roots that 'caused his mind to come and go.'

We arrived at Concord when the moon day sun was beating down on the old, white typical Dixie courthouse of Cabarrus County and the stairs on either side of the main hall were crowded with all kinds and descriptions of white people—mainly 'poor whites', making it difficult to edge our way up to the second floor and into the courtroom.

It was the final day of the trial and the courtroom was jammed with blacks and whites who were attracted out of curiosity born of the peculiar defense plea. In this section of the country belief is strong in roots, herbs, witchcraft and the like, with whites giving it more credence than negroes. It is safe to conjecture that seventy per cent of the audiences during the entire case were interested mainly in the decision concerning the power of the little wizened brown-skinned woman who crouched in her seat, watching the proceedings with defiance, not unmixed with fear.

Old School True to Form

Although about two hundred people were standing in the rear and along the sides of the room and there was continual shifting of the crowd, hardly a sound was to be heard save the evangelistic exhortations of Attorney L. T. Hartsell, Sr., who in summing up the case for the State, accused the defendant of murdering his wife's young sister in a jealous rage. "Aunt Jennie's" eyes lighted with a peculiar gleam as the tall, gaunt, white-haired veteran of the bar laughed her roots to scorn and declared that they had no power whatsoever to make a person's mind either come or go or do anything else not accounted for in medical journals. In short, the bar of North Carolina, as represented during the Parnell trial, put no credence in the witch woman's concoctions, and the defense early bolstered the defendant's plea of con-

jure with the common alibi of having been injured when a child, which made his mind 'come and go ever since'. Attorney Hartsell, true to Dixie form, referred to 'Aunt Jennie' no less than ten times in fifteen minutes, by actual count, as 'That ole nigger woman'.

Trail Hex Woman to Forest Cabin

Before the case went into the hands of the jury the little hermit fortune teller escaped through a side door and was a good two miles away when she reached her home. The topmost branches of the trees, the yard and cabin already falling into evening shadow. It was an eerie place, with nothing lacking to complete the picture of a witch's habitation but a bat and a black cat, though a snow white cat lay asleep on top of the porch, close under the roof. There was absolute and complete silence.

Jennie Mixes Money Salve

Stopping the car a safe distance from the door, Charlie Spears sauntered to the doorway and called greetings. "Who is that—an' who you want?" came a querulous voice in which resentment was the main ingredient. Before a reply could be made a young man, dressed in brown trousers and white sweat shirt, came from the back part of the house, stopping Spears as he was about to walk further in the house in search of the woman's voice.

The young man was a 'customer' of ten years standing, from Salisbury, and had come over for 'a little luck'. By this time the old woman had come from the back porch and approached the two men threateningly as they stood in the room. Your reporter backed out followed by divers and sundry recriminations. From her blasting tirade it could be gathered that the old soul was worn and nervous from the ordeal of the trial and was 'sick and tired of bein' hounded'. . . "Whut kin you want with mah pitchuh . . . you caint do nothin' wid it . . . I aint no bear,

neithan no lion . . . my vision days is Sat'day an' Sunday . . . you got too much nerve . . . who you, anyhow? Go back whah you come frum . . ."

Does Everybody That Way

The visitor from Salisbury grinned sheepishly, but pulled Spears off the porch and a distance from the house. 'She does everybody that way', he averred, "but if she loan wan you to take huh picture, I wouldn't advise you to do it." He further stated that 'Aunt Jennie' was always in a bad humor when she was 'workin' and folks disturbed her at her magic rituals. Although we had withdrawn about forty feet from the house the woman kept up an excited stream of abuse from the shadowy interior, occasionally darting to the door to mumble fresh vituperation. In the meantime a picture of the house had been snapped, but the next woman eluded camera focus and refused to come out in the light.

Does Landslide Business

According to our two escorts 'Aunt Jennie' does a turnaway business on her 'office days' of Saturday and Sunday, the world truly beating a path to her door these two days when she doesn't have "her habits on". Lines form in the clearing like the preview of a Clarke Gable film and she reads the cards, mixes powder, compounds salve, gathers roots for each as the case may demand. Both were strong in declarations that 'Aunt Jennie' has sacks of money hidden away and is so rich that money doesn't mean anything to her.

She puts no charge on her services, accepting a dime, nickle, quarter . . . or nothing if in good mood. The railroad man swore by the little, aged woman's medicine. Ten years he had been coming to her and her roots never failed. He at one time was driving a car, drunk, and busted up a white woman's car and his own. Due to the hex woman's salve all he had to pay was ten dollars.

Can't Lose a Case

You just simply cannot lose a case if Aunt Jennie is on it with you. He looked me straight in the she can take it. Further conversation disclosed that the recluse had customers from as far North as Norfolk and Richmond, white and black. As far as he knew she has no children, but has lived with her husband in that same spot for many years, owning much of the land thereabouts.

It was the black boy who gave a solemn statement before being let out in Newell . . . "I doan

know ... I doan think 'Aunt Jen some roots given him by Aunt that Coroner Mitchell "is a good pie' has any God in what she doin' Jennie Morris, a colored witch little man." ... in all this time I can't re-doctor, who lives over in Mecklen- member ever hearin' her say any-burg county, about eight miles thing about church." from Charlotte, near Newell. He said he chewed the roots before and after his supper the night of the killing and that, chewing the roots made his mind come and go and that he did not remember stabbing the girl.

White Reporter Hints 'Jennie' Crafty

Not to be outdone in the matter of a photograph of this wily woman who has the two counties in a puzzle, we skipped to Charlotte and secured a photograph Aunt Jennie, clad in a pink flowered dress and a black hat and got her picture the moment the veil, said she was "over 60" and story broke July Fourth and be- "I work with people to do 'em fore the herb doctor got all ex-good" ... I make a dust of dried cited or cautious to the point of herbs to bring good luck to my dodging the camera. She wanted customers and to cure ailments.

to tell his fortune, he confided said some cat-eyed woman was after him. He offered her a dime and she rejected it. He did not believe the old soul has any money at all ... she cannot have, not charging for what she does. He then recalled that a license is demanded for fortune tellers, etc., in the state and that in all probability Jennie has not bothered to get one. "Say," ... maybe the old woman is not so dumb after all."

I Ain't Got Time

Asked by the State to name some of the ingredients of her concoctions she replied, "I ain't got time to tell you" right on the witness stand. She said the day before the killing Parnell came to her home and told her he was "down and out and had no friends" so she gave him a little bit of "rattle-tongue" and told him to "chew it and spit it out."

As the witnesses were heard one by one it was brought out that on the night of the killing Parnell, his wife and Jane Fink, had gone to a hog pen near their home to pray for forgiveness over a misunderstanding. As they knelt down to pray Parnell hesitated and his wife said "kneel down too Bax- ter." It was then that he stabbed the girl with the ice pick near the heart and she ran screaming toward the house where she met her father and cried, "Daddy, Baxter has stabbed me. Take me to a doctor quick."

Israel Fink, the girl's father, told the jury that Parnell had appeared "mad" at the supper table that evening and earlier had watched his sister-in-law from a window as she entertained even Lewis Furr, a caller.

The slain girl's sister, Parnell's wife, did not take the stand for either during the trial. The State Solicitor was Charles Coggins of Salisbury assisted by L. T. Hartsell, Sr., and L. T. Hartsell, Jr., of Concord.

Calls Bert Ball Mean Man

The day after the killing the High Sheriff of Cabarrus county along with Bert S. Ball, Deputy Sheriff, and N. J. Mitchell, coroner, went over into Mecklenburg county, and called at Aunt Jennie's home, and made individual efforts to get her to voodoo men, or sell them roots, but she refused to do so, although they offered her sums of money, and did not tell her that they were officers.

However she did consent to tell their fortunes with her cards, and told Ball that the cards showed that "you are the meanest man around here" and the cards read

Tries To Blame 'Witch-Doctor' For Murder; "Guilty," Says Jury

White Farmer Sentenced to Die Oct. 28 for Killing 19-Year-Old Sister-in-Law—Jennie Morris Testifies.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 8—(Special)—The insistence of Baxter Parnell, 32, white farmer, that a piece of "charm-working" substance given him by an aged woman "witch-doctor" had caused him to become irresponsible and stab to

death his 19-year-old sister-in-law Janie Fink, availed him nothing at his trial which has just closed here. Convicted of first degree murder, he was sentenced to death. Though his execution was set for Oct. 28, it was understood his attorneys plan to take an appeal to the State Supreme Court.

The State charged that while Parnell, his wife and Janie Fink were at prayer on a night in an outbuilding near the Parnell home that Parnell stabbed the girl to pray Parnell hesitated and his wife said "kneel down too Bax- ter." It was then that he stabbed the girl with the ice pick near the heart and she ran screaming toward the house where she met her father and cried, "Daddy, Baxter has stabbed me. Take me to a doctor quick."

Called to the witness stand, Jennie Morris the alleged "witch-doctor" Parnell charged with being the cause of his undoing, admitted giving him a "charm" to chew when he came to her asking for help, but said she had done so to get rid of him because he was "acting crazy" and she was afraid of him. She claimed she sometimes prepared concoctions to cure the sick or bring people luck, but never to do anyone harm.

'Cajun' Girls Will Seek Love's Answers Monday

Smitten Young People of Bayous Will Fall Back on Age-Old Legend

LOCKPORT, La., Oct. 29 (P)—Monday night is Halloween and that's the time when "Cajun" girls along Bayou Lafourche look for answers to their love problems.

For Bayou legend says that on Halloween even dumb animals have power to speak for a few hours after midnight and the future is revealed to the daring and patient.

During those hours, for instance, it is said, a beaten dog can stand outside his master's window and say what he has been thinking all year. A good master will listen and repent. A mean one will seal his window.

There will be dancing all along the Bayou among the descendants of the French-Canadian refugees from Acadia, but long before 12 o'clock, maidens puzzled by questions of the heart will scurry home with a lock of hair snipped from the head of a tender swain.

The hair is placed deep under the bottom mattress of the girl's bed. Then the girl runs into the dark yard to dig up a spool of thread buried there seven nights before. One end is tied to the house, around which goes the girl, unwinding the thread until she has made a complete circuit. Then, or at least so goes the legend, her future husband will appear.

But if she sees no one at the thread's end, there is another spell. She can lift the cover off the well. And there she will see mirrored the face of the man she will marry.

If that fails, the curious maid may walk backward to the turnip

patch, grasp a bunch of leaves, and pull. Tall and thin, short and fat, the turnip's appearance will give the girl an idea of the size of her husband-to-be.

An egg is boiled with special ceremony. The yolk removed and the cavity filled with salt. The maid eats it and sleeps with her feet on the pillow and her head on the mattress. Thirst causes a dream in which the girl moans for water until a man comes with a pitcher. The girl must remember well the face because it is that of the man she will wed.

When two girls sleep thus together they link big toes with a piece of string. It breaks in the night and she who has the longer strand will marry the sooner.

Tuesday morning the "Cajun" maid will dress her best for All-Saints day and walk with eyes downcast because she knows the first man she sees will play a big part in her life all year.

HERB WOMAN'S RATTLETONGUE CAUSED CRIME

Sensational Trial Shows Part Played by Ancient Hag; Girl Slain

By CHARLIE SPEARS
(Special Press Writer)

CONCORD, N. C., Aug. 31—At 9:40 last Friday night a superior court jury convicted Baxter Parnell, 32-year-old white Cabarrus county farmer, defendant in the much discussed hex case of first degree murder in the slaying of his 19-year-old sister-in-law Jane Fink.

Judge Frank M. Armstrong of Troy immediately sentenced Parnell to die in the gas chamber in Raleigh on Friday, October 28. Parnell, ruddy-faced, powerfully built, received the sentence calmly, as members of his family broke into sobs and left the courtroom.

The State offered the testimony of five witnesses and rested. The defense immediately sent Parnell to the stand as its first witness.

Chewed Aunt Jennie's Roots
Parnell testified that he chewed